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theatre in the morning. We are all shouting for the Whole and the Race, the protection of those who cannot look out for themselves, old-age pensions, labor legislation and eugenics. Only the children in the schoolroom still quite believe in Ibsen and even Mr. G. B. Shaw has thrown him over. It began ever so long ago with *Johannisfeuer* perhaps; gallant Nora, tragic Hedda would not have made the choice of Sudermann's strong, silent heroine. Then Carl Ewald's troubling story of "The Old Room" was translated, the story of a woman whose sense was all of herself and a man whose sense was all of his stock, past and to come, his line; and the end of them was that when grief struck them he had the ghosts of his dead and she had not even the husband whom she had once chafed against. Meantime, in these years, how has the French stage occupied itself incessantly with all those questions which are too big for one life to embrace, which will do us no good but which we are none the less bound with all our strength to serve. M. Henry Bordeaux feels the absence of sympathy between himself and the students that throng the Mont Sainte-Geneviève to-day; if there is none it must be the boys and girls who are out of touch with advancing thought. Young Pascal Rouvray was in the great current when with his career and his love at stake, being called on his father's death to throw up all, to watch over a woman and two children and save the family credit in manufactures—in the teeth of all his theories, of all his wishes and his friends' influence, of his very personal will, it would seem, he makes the sacrifice. What his father and his mother did he does. The figure of the mother, by the way, is very beautiful and very French. We in America are hardly used to so superb a part for a woman elderly and married. She is really—and it expresses the very essence of the whole thesis—the finest and most convincing figure, but the book itself is more convincing and finer than any figure. It shows how the tide sets.

In our own land not the stoutest-hearted novelist would dare offer us a novel* of 877 closely printed pages containing pictures of peasant life, mystic philosophy founded on Spinoza and lyric poetry in two kinds. Perhaps in our own land there is no writer

* "*Waldrausch*." By Ludwig Ganghofer. Stuttgart: Verlag von Adolf Bronz & Co.

so amply furnished forth with matter. Specialization in learning and generalization in living combine to impoverish scholarship and product, but in Germany the good old-fashioned method obtains and a writer is unabashed by wealth of material.

Ludwig Ganghofer is well known as a dramatist, poet and novelist, and is popular, despite the wealth of matter in his books. The present novel plays in Upper Bavaria in the mountains which lie directly south of Munich. A large part of the book is literally the story, not of human beings, but of the wooded mountains themselves, of the Grosse-Noth that had Heiligste Freude as mother; of the spring and the dust of blossoms and the intoxication of new life that in the opening of the year runs through the veins of all nature. The mystic's sense of the unity of all life and of its manifestation by growth and change through all eternity is presented in the songs and the discourse of the old *Waldrauschler*; folk wisdom and human knowledge in the proverbs and advice of the old *Lahneggerin*; while the two youths, Toni and Brosli, sum up two sides of life; the active, fortunate, contented and the ever-searching, suffering, growing life. The glimpse of the little dukedom, the young duchess born to earthly possessions, gifted, flower-like, beautiful and yet shunned by human happiness, bereft of peace, suffering in body and soul, helplessly clamoring at an outworn faith for solace, fill the canvas with human types. When Ambrose pours out to the *Waldrauschler* in world-weariness his yearning for the last cold rest, the hundred-year-old hermit sums up the wisdom of living thus:

"I could tell you a thousand things of the *gusto* of life. Every hour in the woods is one of a hunting of treasure and finding of gold. Think what it is to look so deep into things and see the oneness of it all. And to feel that one is oneself not just here and now, but in all eternity. To laugh and to tremble from sheer joy when, once in a way, one feels that he has lifted ever so little the cover of the great mystery—to see how from a thousand faces the same eyes look out; to know that what glows and breathes and beats in one has been from all time and must be forever and ever; to feel that others are as oneself and oneself as they are; and then to lose all fear, all the stupid human anxieties; and to begin to understand and yet to know nothing—nothing. See, boy! can you not begin to feel the joy that the years bring?"

Ganghofer is a new Auerbach offering an interpretation of life that has indeed been from time immemorial, but is to-day taking on new forms and reaching more thinkers; an interpretation of

life and of religion succinctly summed up in Swinburne's "Hertha."

It can hardly be called a conventional dénouement when a novel ends at the point where the chief character loses love, fortune and success and is sent forth into the unknown of unwritten pages with nothing but a new realization of the philosophic import of life. But so this novel ends. As Brosli passes out he knows that, no matter what goes, all is not lost; for life itself goes on, and where the corpses of the dead are strewn the seeds of new life spring.

These are interesting types, of the kind that modern French books are full of. Pierre* is a self-made man, not too scrupulous, who gets a conscience from his wife by a sort of infection and expiates in the swift agony of a day and a half his long years of splendid brutal survival as the fittest. Thérèse is a big, handsome woman with a strong moral sense and great independence and character, and an artistic preoccupation to keep her out of mischief and give a kind of independence to her life before marriage; she is frankly, deliciously and very wholesomely in love when she marries, and she has a fine instinct to defend and protect her mate without lowering her standards for herself or him. In a very lovely bit she broods over his sleep like Ste.-Geneviève over Paris. The other figures are more conventional: a cold-blooded flirt of a younger sister, also rather emancipated, who comes to a better end than she deserves; a rich millionaire in politics; and for foil, a neurotic young man, half artist, half artisan, who is either employed below his proper class or educated above it—one is not quite sure. This all sounds like George Eliot or Mrs. Humphry Ward in her early days, but it is not in the least like either. Sound and healthy is the sentiment, and the book is as much like an English novel as Thérèse is like an English girl—neither of them quite so like as the author believes.

"*Les Cervelines*"† has gone into another printing and appeared among the new books. It is not so good as Mme. Colette

* "*Pierre et Thérèse*." Par Marcel Prevost. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

† "*Les Cervelines*." Par Colette Yver. Paris: Librairie Felix Juven, 1909.